

A Summer Night in Paradis

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A Summer Night in Paradis

by [BleuStrawberrieZ](#)

Summary

Ford would not force Stan to suffer his touch longer than he needed too. Ford should have expected that Bill would find a way to hurt him.

Notes

This is a gift fic for my best friend. She's waited a long time for it and I'm glad to say that I finally finished the fic.

Fun fact! This is the single longest fic that I've ever written. It was an interesting experience. I've since learned that I need to learn how to outline a fic.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Stan's fingers trembled before him. His brother's breath puffed in soft clouds before pale lips. His eyes were wide and frightened. Lips pulled taut even as he attempted to keep his jaw clamped tight. Stan's chest heaved, desperation curling within unyielding bone and soft flesh. The whites of his eyes glimmered below him. Fear visible in the shallow pools.

Ford smiled, the curve of his lips sad and remorseful, as his fingers skimmed over thick chest hair. The soft springy curls clung to his questing touch. Stan's thighs trembled as strong hands brushed over the sensitive skin with the gentlest touch that he could manage under the circumstances.

He would not make this situation any worse than it already was.

Ford would not force Stan to suffer his touch longer than he needed too. It was bad enough that they couldn't be separated, not now.

Not at this moment.

Ford shuddered. His sides burned, and he couldn't quite ignore the way that his knees protested their current position. Having sat against the edge of a dark and gleaming tile for seeming hours. The indent leaving marks on the thin skin of his knee.

He was so very aware of the space where they were connected. The slightest distance between their bodies.

Stan's hands were firmly clamped onto his shoulder. Their near bruising touch making his cock twitch inside of his brother's still tight ass, releasing hot spurts of piss from a still aching bladder and forcing him to cant his hips upwards slightly so as to prevent the liquid from gushing out, only further plugging his brother. Thin trickles of fluid dripping slowly down his thighs.

Ford could at least spare Stan from the humiliation of sitting in a pool of piss.

Carefully ignoring the relief that rushed through him, the pleasure that rose through his tired and beaten body, Ford glanced down. His gaze followed the path that those large hairy arms made towards the other's body. Stan's eyes were heavy lidded with pleasure, his lip caught between his teeth. Ford couldn't help but hiss and flinch away at the sight of the darkening bruises circling Stan's neck, guilt and remorse swiftly chasing away the faint prickles of contentment curling around the edges of his consciousness.

The slight movement jerked him around slightly. Forced his cock in just a touch deeper and Stan moaned, the sound rumbling through his chest as thick fingers squeezed tighter around firm muscle, eyes rolling backwards as he arched his back and thrust down onto Ford's still swollen cock.

The beautiful sight laid bare before him couldn't quite wash away the horror of what he'd done.

Stan had struggled beneath him.

Ford's hands curled haphazardly around his neck, thumbs pressing down against his brother's Adam's apple. He'd been unable to move his hands away from the sensitive and fragile area. Electricity had run through his body, sharp and hot and lightning fast, as Bill's voice echoed through the cavernous chamber. Laughter rising above them and causing the air to tremble underneath its long and cruel notes.

It had taken everything in his power to prevent himself from jerking, from pressing down just the slightest bit more and crushing Stan's windpipe.

Ford knew that was what Bill wanted.

The horror and agony of such a betrayal to tighten the corners of Stan's eyes as he attempted to suck in breath after desperate breath despite no longer being able to do so. He'd never be able to live with himself if Bill succeeded in forcing him to murder Stan with his own bare hands.

And Bill was more than aware of that fact.

Ford hadn't been able to stop himself from putting his hands on his brother. But he could stop himself from fulfilling the dream demon's wish.

He'd kept his hands away from the more fragile parts of Stan's throat. Stolen the demon's pleasure as Ford's thumbs were the only things that dug lightly into the soft swell of Stan's Adam's apple.

Bill had learned a lesson then. He was no longer able to directly control Ford. But there were other ways of forcing a person to do something they didn't want to. And Bill knew all of Ford's weaknesses.

He'd even dragged the greatest of them all to the Fearamid.

Bill had waited until he was unfrozen from his prison. Still safe in the knowledge that there was little chance of the extra dimensional demon stealing or otherwise taking the knowledge he sought. He had waited until Ford stood before him, tall and undaunted, head held high and back straight, a smug grin just touching his lips. His hands unbound.

A quick snap of slender black fingers and the ceiling lost solidity turning into an almost slick and slippery liquid that gleamed in otherworldly and uncomfortable colors. Reality seeming thinner and more fragile than it should, around that great gaping pool of liquid light.

A body had fallen through it.

It had landed with a heavy crunch, a low grunt escaping the figure's unseen lips.

Ford had tensed, jaw clenching and nostrils flaring, as he stared at whatever unfortunate being his greatest enemy had brought before him in an attempt to frighten him into breaking.

Ford remembered seeing blood pooling underneath the still silent figure. The thin liquid somehow clinging to the man's body. He had been certain that it was a man though at the time he hadn't been sure it could have been.

He had been so very stupid that day.

So sure that it couldn't be anyone he personally knew.

Despite the distance between them Ford had seen the marks that littered the other's body. Bruises had shown through torn clothing. Thin lacerations visible underneath the thin coat of black liquid that clung to his form. He'd absently noticed that it was eating away at the man's already ragged jacket.

The ceiling was corrosive once transformed into a liquid state. Or perhaps it was the unsettling light that ate away at whatever it touched. He remembered thinking it fascinating in that moment, wondering over the changes that the rift had brought to this reality, before refocusing on Bill.

"Whatever this is. Whoever this is. It still won't make me talk, Cipher!" Ford had shouted, his voice loud and bold and filling the room with a bravado that almost felt real.

He'd stepped forward, mouth drawn back in a snarl. He'd frozen immediately afterwards, his feet bumping against the still figure's back, as a low groan rose up.

It had been a familiar sound. Eyes settling unerringly on the man Ford hadn't been able to stop the thin cry that had escaped his lips as a sharp snap echoed through the room. The man's back arched, his body twisting away from some unseen force, as a scream tore through pale lips.

"Stanley!"

"You sure about that, Sixer."

Ford remembered all too clearly what had happened next.

Stan had been tortured extensively by Bill's Henchmaniacs after they'd caught him outside of the Mystery Shack's boundaries.

Bill had been far too glad to continue their work.

Stan hadn't been awake for the experience but Ford had been forced to watch as Bill systematically tore his brother apart before his eyes. His voice calm and soothing, despite the high pitched tone that echoed in his mind, as he spoke to Ford. Told him that it would only take a single snap of his fingers to awaken his brother. That Ford could stop this at any time if he wished to prevent the other anymore trauma.

He hadn't.

God, had he wished to. The word had been on the tip of his tongue. Standing on a precipice as wide and deep as the Canyons of Rensselaer. The name of the virgin planet as guttural and sibilant on his tongue as it had been when he'd first learnt it. But he hadn't quite been able to push it past his lips despite the loud and terribly hoarse screams that had been torn from his brother's abused throat.

A sharp snap followed by a thick crunch coming from nowhere and everywhere returned Stan to his previous state.

A large singular eye curved into a smile. Ford had been unable to hide his unease as something like pleasure stole its way across the demon's triangular face. The blocks that made up his body trembling and shifting in excitement, that same unsettling light coming from within the cracks of his body.

Bill had decided on another plan of action.

One that Ford knew would haunt him endlessly.

Bill had wanted him to hurt Stanley. Laughter, bright and loud, echoed through the chamber as he described in excruciating detail just what he would do if Ford decided to disobey.

He'd wanted Ford to violate Stan's body as thoroughly as he could imagine. His brother's shoulders had tensed as the demon informed them both of just what he wanted to see.

"Don't worry, Poindexter. If you can't get it up I can always help you with a snap of my fingers." Bill had laughed condescendingly at that.

"Though-" The demon had murmured softly to himself, eyes fixed firmly on Stan. "You could always ask ol' Stan over there if he'd be willing to lend ya a helping hand. Or rather-" Bill's smile displayed an alarming and inhuman set of eye teeth as he grinned broadly at Ford.

"A helping mouth." *A big mouth like that I bet he'd easily suck you down. Huh, Sixer?* The demon's unnerving grin stared at him. Bill's voice loud and clear in his mind despite the protection of the metal plate curving protectively around his skull. *He's probably got all sorts of skills that you'll be begging to try out soon enough. It'll certainly shut up your idiot of a brother for one huh.*

Nausea fluttered through him at the thought. His stomach twisted. Its meager contents, little more than the faintest amounts of water and stomach acid, roiled unpleasantly inside of his stomach.

Even more unhelpfully he could feel the faintest stirrings of arousal fluttering through him whether by his own accord or not, Ford wasn't quite sure. Nevertheless it served to unbalance him. Allowed him to gaze openly, with horror or some sort of consideration he wasn't quite certain, at Stan and take in the miserable sight of his brother.

Stan's clothes were torn and ripped. Tattered fabric barely clinging to his upper arms as his shackled wrists stuck to the floor beneath them. His chest was exposed, thick chest hair burned off in rough patches across the considerable expanse of his front.

'Stanley really should have shaved himself at some point. It would have prevented Bill from causing any further harm to him through wildly burning hair.' Ford couldn't quite help himself from thinking as he stared at his prone twin, at the shiny red patches of burnt skin.

His legs, Ford's eyes lingered unconsciously on the sight as he stared at his brother, were thin and lightly muscled. His limbs spread just enough to reveal the bulge of Stan's cock. The thin fabric of his boxers peeked through the tattered remains of the pants that clung to his slender thighs. Ford attempted to glance over the sight of Stan's crotch but couldn't avoid taking in the thick swell pressing against his pants. It was entirely unhelpful that Stanley's position forced his clothing to tighten and cling against select parts of his anatomy. It was unfair to the both of them as that very position revealed just how detailed and outlined those areas were.

Ford swore that he could almost see the barest outline of Stan's balls pressing against the seam of Stan's pants just underneath the swollen outline of his cock.

It would be entirely like Bill to do this. To force him into a position that would require him to do as he'd demanded.

Whether of his own accord or not.

Bill was likely aware that he'd succumb. That he would give in as ordered. If only to spare Stanley anymore pain.

Even if his own actions would cause the other more than enough pain for another lifetime.

'He'd been gentle then.'

Ford had taken Stan's face in his hands. Rested the meatiest part of his palm along the swollen base of his brother's jaw. Pressed his fingers into the slowly swelling bruise that just kissed the bottom edge of Stan's chin. He'd avoided Stan's gaze, sought to treat this moment as any other, tried to forget that this was his brother and not simply some pretty sentient he'd found agreeable enough to sleep with.

Thumb stroking the bruise he'd pressed a kiss against dry and chapped lips. He'd coaxed Stan's lips open with light and tentative swipes of his tongue, had heard the faintest groan rise up from the other's throat and ignored it as he let his other hand wander.

His hand trailing gently down his brother's back Ford stroked the smooth bumps of his spine. He'd pressed deeper into the kiss as he'd let the tip of his pointer finger brush against the base of Stan's spine lightly prodding along the top of Stan's ass.

Ford had felt Stan tense in that moment. The room came into focus as his eyes opened and he'd instantly been caught in Stan's gaze. His brother's left eye still swollen shut. His right gazing desperately up at him.

Bill hadn't healed everything. He'd simply ensured that Stan wouldn't die.

Ford felt the familiar touch of anger lick his insides as he stared at the man who was his twin brother. He'd known Stanley as intimately as a sibling could.

Soon he'd know him as intimately as a lover could.

He teased and stroked that gentle indent. Pressed dry kisses along the curve of Stan's nose, across his cheeks, and slipped them back against a soft and yielding mouth. A vain attempt at

comfort. All that Ford was capable of offering at this very moment.

He briefly lamented their dreadful lack of lubricant and slid his finger down to tease and prod against the firm muscle guarding entrance into Stan's body.

Ford had a feeling- his hand curled lightly around Stan's neck now, fingers squeezing lightly as he thought of digging them into the gelatinous ball of interdimensional acid that was Bill's eye- that this wouldn't simply be as easy as asking Bill for something to ease the way into his brother's body. The demon would likely delight in informing him that Stan's blood would more than suit the occasion.

He tried not to think about what he was doing. Tried not to think about the fact that he hadn't received his brother's permission to do this.

Rather, he tried to think about the pain that he was sparing Stan from enduring. The torture that would have surely continued if Ford hadn't acquiesced to their captor's demands. His eyelids lowering, lips drawing into a thin solemn line, Ford's thoughts turned to the past. He was all too aware of the things that Bill was capable of. Stan had only gotten a taste of what the damned creature would do to him if Ford refused to bend.

Stanley would forgive him for this. There was no doubt about it.

But Ford would do his best to ensure that this was as gentle an experience as he could make it.

"Move it, Sixer!" Bill yelled, his body turning as red as the blood that still gleamed brightly on the floor, the room trembling around them as he snapped his fingers and Stan gasped, barely able to open his mouth as he hoarsely shouted Ford's name into the cold air.

His hand splayed across the broad span of Stan's back Ford surged forward. His pinky pressed into Stan's puckered entrance for a single brief moment and he pulled Stan forward and stuck his own fingers in his mouth. Ford heard a pained gasp and what vaguely sounded like a word rise from his brother's throat but he ignored both as he refused to turn away from his task.

He sucked hard around his fingers. Mouth hollowing and teeth lightly scraping his fingers Ford listened to the quiet grunts grow louder as blood seeped from the edge of Stan's mouth. Stomach clenching Ford felt dread spread through him as he finally tore his hand away from his mouth.

The thick coppery scent of Stan's blood prevented him from smelling anything else. It overpowered even the tang of vomit and piss. Both of which had seeped into the bricks. Bill having refused to remove the mess that their bodily fluids had left in the chamber.

Ford carefully turned Stan over. Listening to the thin wheeze of his brother's labored breathing and the rough hacking coughs that tore through his abdomen.

"It's alright, Stanley." He murmured softly, hands smoothing over Stan's back. One patted him lightly as the other, the one covered in his saliva, moved south.

The coughing abated but the tension in his brother's body didn't lift. Stan's muscles shifted. His back rippled as Ford's fingers slid through his ass cheeks. Stan groaned in protest but didn't move. His left hand rubbing soft circles into Stan's sweaty back Ford watched as Stan slowly relaxed.

Ford pressed down his finger prodding the tightly furled entrance. It took a fair amount of pressure for the muscle to give. But it gave way under his gentle but persistent touch. Ford's breath caught in his throat at the strong grip Stan's muscles held on the tip of his finger. Stan's voice rose in a brittle cry, his chest rattling in a concerning manner. Lungs drawing in air with a thin sucking noise that caused his chest to tighten.

He swallowed at the sound. Nausea twisting his gut. Gorge rising as he forced himself to focus on preparing his brother for the inevitable intrusion.

The sound seemed to echo around them. The tight heat of Stan's insides, more and more prevalent as he slowly buried his finger inside of Stan, barely distracted him from the concern that sat heavily in the pit of his stomach. He hoped that Bill hadn't just undone what had been healed earlier.

Stan's injuries had been so very intense. His lungs punctured by a shard of his fractured ribcage. He'd struggled to breath. Blood dripping down Stan's chin after bubbling past his lips. Bill had grown tired of it soon after Stan's arrival and promptly healed him.

Ford grit his teeth, head bowed over Stan's spine, fingers working Stan open. He could hear the chatter of the Henchmaniacs. Bill's voice rose above the din. Thin and high laughter caused the walls to rumble around them. Dust scattering, illuminated, across the thin shafts of light within the building.

The sound was thick with derision as Bill gazed down at them.

"Hurry it up now, Fordsy..." Bill paused leaning forward, eye lighting up the space around him as he flashed through a number of nauseating colors. "Unless you want me to speed things up a bit." Ford could hear the eagerness coating the demon's words, dripping thick and maddeningly slow like tar. Electricity crackled along the demon's edges. The smell of burning ozone filled the air as he reached down, his fingers almost touching the top of Stan's head.

"No!" Ford's voice came out in a panicked shout. His fingers tensed and spasmed around Stan's shoulder. His eyes widened, the dark irises reflecting the pale electric glow of the energy sparking off of Bill's hand, branches of lightning breaking off of the main limb. It slammed into the ground around him just barely missing Stan's shoulder, the phantom smell of burning hair rose from the depths of his memories to haunt him as he stared at the smoking crater.

The edges of the crater were glowing in rainbow hues that clung to the craggy edges in a thin ring of foul smelling magma. The molten rock dripped and Ford watched, his stomach turning, as they twisted and writhed like snakes across the jagged bowl. The colors shifting and warping until they dulled around the edges to a bright purple-pink. The long thin coils of molten rock fattening and growing lumpy in a way that was far too familiar.

They filled the crater to the brim. Fat coils writhing across the top until the floor finally flattened and smoothed out.

This was a blatant attempt to frighten him.

Ford could see it. Very well knew why Bill was doing this. And he was ashamed to admit that the sight merely deepened the urge he felt to draw Stan closer to himself.

His brother's fingers curled. Stan's voice rose, deepening, as Ford slowly drew his fingers out of him. A final twist and curl drawing a soft pleased noise from the depth of his chest.

Ford gripped his cock loosely in his right hand. Fingers curling around the swollen head before sliding down its length. It took little effort to press the mushroom shaped head of his cock against the loosened ring of muscle. He held onto his brother's hip and panted heavily on top of Stan.

Lips straightening Ford leaned down and kissed the back of Stan's shoulder.

Thin bright strands of light dappled Stan's back. Casting shadows across the broad mottled expanse. Ford shifted, tilted his hips and groaned as a slow rolling thrust allowed him to breach passed Stan's still tight hole.

Ford gasped blinking rapidly as he struggled to keep himself together.

Stan was so tight. The searing burn of his walls drew a gasp from him and brought him closer to his twin.

He couldn't quite tell if the bright spots in his vision were from the sudden intense burst of pleasure or from the glare of the light on Stan's pale back. Bruises marbled Stan's skin. Dark scars marred it. Ford couldn't hide the wince as he took in the thin lacerations that still bled sluggishly on Stan's back. They were healing. Far more rapidly than the human body could on its own, but their very presence reminded him of his failures. Of the ways in which Bill had hurt Stan.

They would heal soon. Scar tissue closing the wounds and slowly the scars would fade until the silvery remains were all but non-existent.

Soon Stan would be relatively free of the wounds that Ford's refusal to break had created.

They would be replaced of course.

But Stan would have a short reprieve. Until the next time Ford enraged Bill or the demon grew bored with his first captive.

Ford shuddered and leaned back. Listening to the quiet moan, a soft 'Sixer, please' that echoed up from beneath him. His body tightened. Ford rose from his seated position and with a quick rolling thrust of his hips slid deeply inside of Stan.

"Stanley. Ahh. St-Stan.." Ford panted, body bowing to his own desires, and bent over his brother. His voice drifted away as he focused on the sensations near overwhelming his

burning sensitive nerves. He pressed closely against Stan. Ford groaned, his teeth lightly nipping the delicate shell of Stan's ear.

"God!" Stan's voice rose in reaction to his own low cry. Stan arched his back, whimpering as pain flashed through his body at the movement, and shoved back against him.

He wondered if Stan had asked for this. If this was him begging Ford to take him. The distant thought trailed through his mind. Stan was warm and solid beneath him. Ford could taste copper in the air. The scent and the pained noises that Stan's injuries drew from him kept Ford from allowing himself to sink fully into his own pleasure.

Ford softened his touch.

He pressed kisses down the unmarked portions of Stan's back.

Shuddered, thrust lightly into his brother, and kissed the nape of his neck. The tang of sweat clung to his tongue. The musk of Stan's own scent comforting in its strength as Ford buried his face in the downy hairs for a second that seemed to pass by far too swiftly.

He was so tired... But Stan's moans were rising, climbing, echoing, through the cavernous chamber.

Ford swallowed thickly. His head spinning and throat tightening, nausea rippling through his body, with the memory of Stan's wounds.

"Harder." He tensed, lube-slick fingers gripping Stan's hip, at the absurdly loud moan that fell from Stan's mouth.

"Stanley. I can't-" Ford protested. He couldn't- No, he wouldn't take his brother any harder than he already was.

"Godammit, Ford! I'm not some delicate flower. I woulda thought that, after all of this-, you'd've learned that by now." Ford started, eyes widening, as Stan reached down and grabbed his hand. Stan turned, pain flickering across handsome weathered features as his back protested, and stared up at him determinedly.

"God knows that I love ya."

"I want ya, Sixer." Stan's expression hardened. "I need this. Want this so much." A tired slur clung to his words now. His shoulders falling slightly even as Stan struggled to maintain eye contact. His voice was rough and deep nevertheless. Gravelly after hours of screaming. Hours of begging Bill to stop. Snarling at Ford to be strong. "I put up with that bastard's idea of fun so that I could have these moments with ya."

Ford coughed embarrassment rising up within him as he leaned forward slightly. Longing singing through him as he stared into his twin's eyes and saw the heat that lay within.

"You wanted this?" Incredulity laced his voice. The barest hint of awe dusting his words.

“W-Well.” Stan hiccupped now. Cheeks pink as he chewed his lip. Shoulders tensing as Stan struggled to carry the momentum of his bold confidence. The resultant pain born with scarcely a flicker of his reddened eyes much to Ford’s pride. “Maybe not exactly this. Much as I love ya, poindexter, I didn’t ever expect that I’d’ve end up with your dick balls deep inside me.”

“But.” And here Stan seemed to straighten. Uncurling himself. Seeming to bloom in this moment, a sunflower reaching for the bright nourishing rays of the sun hidden as it was behind brick and mortar, as that flash of inspiration, that spark of life that had kept Stan going for so long now, returned to him. His grip on Ford’s hand tightened as he firmly laced their fingers together. “I want this. Want you to give me everything you’ve got. I want-“

Here, Stan’s voice cut off. Chest expanding with a rattling groan as Ford thrust into him with a short snap of his hips.

“This?”

The brackish light turned the pale strands of Stan’s hair into an almost watery purple-grey. His lips pale and washed out. The bloom of his cheeks a deeper more vibrant shade as he moaned throatily underneath Ford.

Ford couldn’t quite contain his grin at the expletive that fell from Stan’s lips. His brother arched his back, once more ignoring his still-healing wounds, and thrust back weakly against Ford.

“God, yes.” Stan sighed into the cool air.

Bill’s voice bounced around them. His laughter and taunts rising high as they twisted and writhed against one another beneath him. Ford silently urged Stan to ignore him. Reaching down, fingers stroking along his brother’s thick bruised side to wrap around Stan’s swollen erection.

Ford hoped that this would distract him.

He wouldn’t be able to control himself if Bill hurt Stan for speaking out. For snarling something bright and cocksure in the heat of the moment.

His fingers slipped over Stan’s cockhead. His fingers trembled faintly as they trailed around the swollen head. ‘*An after effect of Bill’s newfound delight with electricity.*’ Ford mused grimly. He wasn’t sure how long the effects would last. Whether his body would ever recover from this experience.

‘*But...*’ Stan’s moans roused him from his thoughts. ‘*Now was not the time to mull over such things.*’

The flared edge of his brother’s cock burned against the soft pads of his fingers. The weeping slit dribbled pre-cum in thin rivulets that snaked down his hand to his wrist. Stan had been hard for so long. Ford caught the shout that threatened to erupt from Stan’s body with a kiss.

He ached to taste.

Swooping down, Ford smiled into Stan's lips as he swiped a thumb heavily over the plump head of the other man's cock. Nail delicately catching along the thin slit before the small frisson of pain was smoothed over with the pad of his thumb.

Stan was ready. His body, despite the abuse that Bill had settled upon him, was rife with signs telling Ford just how ready his brother was.

Ford's body moved instinctively. His pace firm and steady as he fucked his twin.

Stan's low sweet moans caused his groin to tighten. He longed to brush his fingers through Stan's hair but knew better than to do so.

Any sign of affection would be noticed.

Their conversation was risk enough as it was. Ford could not draw any more attention to their location. Bill could see them of course. But he didn't overly care for the things they were saying. Entertained as he was by the sinuous movement of Ford's back muscles. His muscles tensing and relaxing with each gentle thrust into Stan's willing body.

It was better to avoid it.

'No one-' Ford shuddered swallowing his groan as Stan tightened around him. A chill dripping down his spine, the faint memory of dozens of small cold hands clinging to the sense-memory, as he thought about Bill. *'-ever benefited from catching Bill's attention.'*

He swallowed Stan's cries. Fingers gripping his brother's hip as the bright flash of colors from above, around, underneath them turned Stan's mottled skin a variety of colors. Even as the other left Stan's cock and trailing pre-come along the soft swell of Stan's stomach. Matting his brother's chest hair as he sought a nipple.

The sound of massive stone blocks scraping against one another rumbled across the top of the pyramid.

Ford ignored the thin dusting of sediment that fell from above. The haunted wailing of the townsfolk of Gravity Falls- at least Ford could only assume that the cries came from the tortured souls whose physical forms had been turned into stone- echoed through the massive chamber.

He struggled to ignore the young woman whose frozen body stood mere meters away from them. The life-like details. Strands of hair hovering loosely around her face. The expression of bone-deep terror. A slender hand raised attempting in vain to shield her from whatever horror had come for her in that singular moment of terror that would come to define her life. Stuck in time. Frozen, aware of that which was happening around her but unable to react.

'The slippery sensations of tentacles that were not there physically but still seemed to stroke through the thick stone to the echoes of soft flesh that had long since been transformed. Teeth gnawing through bone despite the stone and flesh that covered it. The soft yielding touch of a

massive eye that wasn't there. ' Ford shuddered at the thought. Yes. He was intimately aware of the hell that the townsfolk were going through right now.

Stan's voice couldn't quite drown out the screaming, muffled as it was beneath his kiss, but it certainly offered a welcome respite. One that Ford eagerly turned to.

He kissed his brother deeply. A parched desert sipping eagerly at the steady rain. A hand raised to the sky, shadowing a small face as delight shown bright at the trailing cries of a seagull. His hands slid across the broad bruised expanse of Stan's body.

His fingers hooking underneath Stan's jaw until his Adam's apple was revealed. Bobbing heavily, desperately, red lips swollen and shiny parted for air, as Ford's teeth and tongue met the firm swell. Stan moaned so deeply that he could almost taste it, the vibrations were so strong against his tongue.

Stan writhed gently underneath him. A pained grunt rising as his injured back touched Ford's chest.

"I'm sorr-" An apology rose instinctively.

"Don't be!" Stan barked in response. His voice softened something apologetic racing across his features as he continued. "I'm not some fragile doll."

"I-" Ford attempted to speak his voice wobbling slightly as he held himself still inside of Stan. It was a struggle. He ached to bury himself deeper inside of his brother. His balls drawn tight, heavy and swollen with cum, yearned to relieve themselves.

"Stanford." Stan's voice deepened with pain and pleasure and rumbled through the cavernous space. "I need ya to fuck the living lights outta me." Stan gasped now, Ford's tightly wound control fraying at the edges, as his brother sank into him. "I-ah need you to come inside of me. No matter the damn injuries."

Ford gasped.

That thin tenuous thread snapped, and a single sharp thrust drove him deep inside of Stan.

His body, separate from his own mind in this instance struck dumb and blind as it was by sheer pleasure, thrust vigorously into Stan. He held tightly onto Stan. A bruising grip. Ford was sure that he would find marks on Stan's hips that fit neatly in the width of his hand.

Stan buried his hand in Ford's hair. The man grinned and dug his fingers into the messy dirty curls a breathy moan falling from his lips as he thrust back into Ford.

"Stanley, please!" Ford gasped desperately, sucking in a breath so loud that it rattled inside of his chest.

His free hand travelled south. Fingernails scraping through the thick line of graying hair that bisected his brother's abdomen. Fingers curling around a swollen purpled cock. Ford tugged desperately.

His fingers slipping over the wet head. Sliding down the thick length to squeeze at the root of his twin's erection.

Stan came with a shuddering cry.

Hoarse and desperate. His body trembling underneath him, around him.

Ford swallowed that cry with another kiss and came apart at the seams. Bright stars flashed behind his eyes. His cock twitched, seemingly in tandem with Stan's, inside of his brother. Painting Stan's insides white with cum.

Stan's fingers scrabbled at his shoulders. Hot streams of cum shot from his brother's cock. Dribbling over Ford's fingers even as they streaked across his stomach and chest. The sting of his nails raking thin red lines only intensified the pleasure as Ford thrust once, twice, inside of him. Milking himself with spastically rippling walls and grinding into Stan with tight circular motions.

"I love you." Ford sighed into Stan's ear.

Bill had gone silent. Grown bored perhaps. But the echoing thunderous cries of the townsfolk served to drown out his words.

"Stanley." He nuzzled into lightly, warmly into the soft hollow behind Stan's ear. Stan was quiet now. Save for a contented moan or two.

He basked in the afterglow. Careful still to not press down on his brother's injuries Ford shifted and maneuvered them around until they were both on their sides. Bill was gone now. Gone to terrorize others, perhaps.

This meant he could revel in their continued survival. In the sweetness of Stan's lips and the light in Stan's eyes.

He could feel the pressure rising within his bladder. Knew what it meant even as his cock softened inside of Stan.

But he could not bring himself to disengage from his brother.

What was one more indignity to savoring this moment in peace?

Ford couldn't be sure how much time had passed before the first dribble of piss escaped him. Stan mumbled sleepily in front of him. Shifted and cocked his hips slightly. Instinct.

A moan, rising from two throats, broke the still air as Ford slowly loosened the reins of his battered control and released a thin stream of piss.

It splashed, hot and wet and messy, inside of Stan. His brother moaned again. Shifted and groaned a sleepy 'Sixer?' as the viscous liquid continued to fill him up. Ford's cock balls deep inside of him. The tight squeeze of muscles around the base of his cock kept the hot mixture of cum and piss inside of his brother.

“Everything’s alright. Sleep, Stanley.” His breath hot against the shell of Stan’s ear Ford sighed contentedly.

“ ’Kay.” Was Stan’s quiet response. His brother settled easily back into sleep.

Exhausted. Wounds still relatively fresh. Bleeding once more after all that Stan had been through. His body unspeakably sore. Ford couldn’t blame him for falling asleep once more.

He could only imagine that Stan was comforted by all of this.

Ford’s presence at his back. Arms wrapped around him. Cock buried inside of him, plugging him up tight. His cum, and piss now, keeping him nice and full.

It all served to soothe whatever hurts still haunted his mind.

The stream lightened and eventually gave way to the barest dregs of his bladder. The warmth of Stan’s body. The gentle sloshing of cum and piss inside of his brother, around his cock, was strangely calming. It eased Ford into a doze.

Sleep lapped at the ragged edges of his consciousness.

Ford smiled, mouth pressed tight against the nape of Stan’s neck, and sighed once more into the cold night air. The muted muffled lights, gleaming bright and otherworldly between the cracks of the floor, painted them in soft purples and reds, greens and blues fluttering over their eyelids. The colors of the rainbow and more beside twisted and writhed in strange unnerving motions above and over them.

They were comforting tonight.

“I love you.”

‘I do.’ Ford thought distantly to himself. His arms wrapped around his brother. Stan’s body warm and sweet underneath him. He could feel the blood from re-opened injuries beginning to wet his clothes. Trickle of come and piss escaping past the girth of his cock buried as it was inside of Stan.

He could worry about Stan’s health later.

He was exhausted.

The bone-deep feeling seeming to cling to every inch of his spent and sore body. Muscles twitching now, from overuse and abuse. His head throbbing.

But he was content nevertheless.

Content to steal this tiny special moment with his brother in the shadows of the Fearamid. Ford slipped sleepily into Morpheus’ welcome embrace.

Their worries could wait for another day.

End Notes

Most of my Fearamid au thoughts were first formed from the time when I was a nonnie on my friend's stancest blog. And since then they've been influenced from continued discussions with her, drabbles that I've written, and from another friend's personal Fearamid au. This fic is a result of all of that coming together.

I also promised my friend a pisskink Fearamid fic and here it is. In all its (dubious) glory.

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